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### HALF A MILLION.

THE ROLL AND REAL PROPERTY AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PROPERTY AND PARTY OF THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

when the republikens got ino power,

tide. In Indiana we hev that truly

His hart aked to see his breathren uv

strength as a demokrat kandidate.

ticket one uv the greatest names on

and devoshun to the demockracy, is

will never rais its baleful kountnance

What a glorious konsumation this

will be, to see the soldiers that wore

the blue allowed the priviledge uv

marchin sholder to sholder to the

poles with the boys that wore the gray,

and castin their votes fur this great

wall with a long chain to leed with.

Ez regards our county election, we

to karry, it givs us an easy opportunity

Our sincere prair is that the good

work uv reformation ma go steadily on

ens, and bein maimed and terorized.

Then us old wheel-hosses uv the party

who hev been kompelled to stand out

in the cold without feed or shelter fur

lo these many years will be taken back

to the publick corral, and with our no-

ses stuck into the publick krib, will

again becum fat and sleek; and when

the spring time cums and we are turn-

Hopin that the young ladies may

ELDER T. TOOTS.

continue to enkourage us in the good

A Cataline.

indicate that somebody's cat had been

A family in New Hampshire has

fourteen cats and wants more. It is

supposed they are trying to get up a

It has been discovered by a scientist

that cats are fond of cucumbers. Ah,

that accounts for their midnight mati-

There is a family in Lunbomton, N.

Softly, through the garden gate he's stealing

Classifying Profanity.

-[Marathon Independent-

Wagner festival.-[Boston Post.

nees - Yonker's Statesman.

cerene as it wonst were.

reform.

to gain a victory.

But this iz a private matter twixt us.

This remindes us uv the

in our great state agin.

The following campaign song is published at the WE'ER COMING HALF A MILLION STRONG (Dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic.)

BY GEN'L ROBT. A PRIEDBICH. Air Marching Through Georgia: Ring out the grand old bugle boys ! we'll have an other song, Sing it for the Chieftains, who are moving right

along. Sing it as we'll sing it boys, half a million strong While marching to the polls in November. CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah! for Maine and Illinois. hurrah, hurrah! we'll down 'em won't we boys? Making the livilest of music from East to West-

ern sea, Marching on to the polls in November. We'll do some tall old shouting boys, as oft we've done before. White going for the Johnles until they were no

We'll give them such a drubbing, boys that after eighty four They'll never march again in November. Chorus:--Hurrah, hurrah! etc..

There will be cheering boys-the cheering mixed with tenrs Or pity for their candidates, resting on their hers,
Andjoy at the triumph of our flag of a hundred

years Chorus:--Hurrah, hurrah! etc., So boys! to the front once more for freedom and her tesin; Creating such a havoc, that their prophets will

maintain There's punishment after death for all who remain. To fight us at the pools in November.

Chorus-Hurrah, hurrah! etc. Topeka, Kansas.

CLEVELAND'S RACE.

Air "Year of Jubilee." Say darkies have you seen Mars's Cleveland With a mustache on his tace, Go down de road sometime dis mornin' Like he war gwine to leave de place He looked over yonder an saw de smoke Orde Blaine and Logan camp, Den he took up his hat an he left right sudden

Like he war gwine to take a tramp. Run Cleveland run ha, ha, And cross the ocean team, Oh I tink you'd better go back to Maria

And learn to live at home He's six feet one way four feet the other And he weighs two hundred pounds He wears his coat so big he can't pay de tatlor And it wont so half way round He is big enough an old enough and ought to know

better Dan veto the five cen't fare. And den Tom Grady is gwine to scalp him Dar'll be muste in de air

Run Clevelandrun, ba, ba, etc. Dars money an lager dar a waitin' An people won't complain, They watch the race 'tween Maria and Cleveland And vote for Jimmy Blaine, Cteveland sick and oh, he wishes He war like old spoony Ren, Dat he'd never seen dat car driver bill.

Orhung dem Irishmen, old George William Curtis, kicks like a mule And makes trouble for a spell But we lock him up in de smoke house cellar, Wid de key thrown in de well, And den Carl Schurz am gwine to travel Across de ragin main, An right through into de white house door, Goes Massa James G. Blaine.

Den stop Cleveland ha ha, You cant get dar dats plain. For it must be now dat de time am comi-To elect our Massa Blaine.

## Political Notes From the Inspired Pen of Elder T. Toots.

Heven bin engaged for sometime in wachin the kourse uv political events our weary limbs in God's pure sunm our great kentry. I am more than shine uv freedom, and all will agin be ever konvinced that the demockracy will suckseed in this fall kampaign.

The demokrat managers hev exercised a great amount uv diskreetion in nominatin a kandidate uv obskure reckord; fur if there is one thing in the world that the demokrat kandidate

wants obskure it is his reckord. Then the private karacter uv the Hon. Grov: Kleeveland bein so pure and unsullied that even the young ladies uv our land hev becum interested in him, and hev took to writin essays onto him and laudin him his virtues and purity, and calfin onto their fathers, brothers and sweethearts to stand by him and elect him, and by this killed .- Boston Bulletin. means reskue us frum the tiranikal rule uv the hated republikens, will be a power in this kampain never before brot to bare onto the great masses uv the people. Then in New York, the great Kee Stone state, thet kompletes the pondrous arch uv our great and nobul party uv freedom, we hev the sweet-toned and silver-tounged orator uv German extraction, Karl Shirts, a usin his powerfull influense fur us and the glorious cause uv demokracy. There also we hev the great Karicature, Thos. Nast, who hes turned his powerful battery uv ridekule onto the republikens, and like the skunk uv our native forests, bringin all into kon-

tempt who com into kontact with his

powerful perfumery. bing' as profane swearing. 'Gaul Then we hev the Hon. B. F. Butler ding' may also be considered a swear uv Massachusetts, that great New Orleans spoon extractor, who we once rible struggle, a theological comprohated, bekaus he licked sum uv our mise arranged by our Puritan ances- looked off upon the Sea of Galilee." Southern brothers, and would not let tors, who recognized with faultless our hightoned ladies uv the South the necessity of a pure life and a sin-struck tones from a lady near the censpit onto the national flag, but who we less vocabulary, and at the same time ter of the group. There was a monow luv as a brother, bekaus he iz the utter impossibility of plowing a ment's silence and then a quiet voice, with us and iz a host in himself as a New England stone patch without a which came to every ear, repeated the kampainer. He iz new actin as a in- class of words designed to relieve the words: 'This is my commandment. dependent, but the thing iz understood overburdened mind and astonished that ye love one another as I have lovfeelings every time the plow handles ed you,' Kirksville, Mo. and one tap frum Hendrick's barrel broke a man's ribs and extorted every All looked up to see who had spokwill sekure the old vetran to us.

Then we hev Harper's Weakly, a ing body .- [Bob Burdette.

Thomas Hughes reports a curious fur that organ always beleeved in fellow passenger on beard a transat- Only the beating of the surf was heard Holy Spirit, whom he sends. keepin on top and floatin with the lantic steamer. His name was Adriance Ward Ashley, as hegave it, and he good and patriotic man, Thos. Hendricks, whos nobul soul wus so wrought remote part of England. He was a thought of those about him. It was so freely-I find it in him. man of much learning and had been his wife who asked the wondering onto durin our late onpleasantness. carried away by Pasteur's discoveries in the treatment of hydrophobia by might speak to them; and as she did continuing city; but I seek one to at the recent New Farewell Hall meetthe South brot into subjection, and democulation, and he believed that the so he had risen from his seat, as if to come. God the Father of our Lord ing nounced the war as as onholy and a principle could be applied to purely failure. The freedum uv the niggers mental ailments or conditions. His with his cane and at last he spoke. wuz a thorn in hiz tender side and hiz hart bled to see the niggers vote. He argument ran in this way: Hydroalways strenously opposed eny and ev- phobia is as much a disease of the erything the government hes done, and mind as of the body. The remains of those who die rabid show, on dissecthis gives him a chance to pose as a tion, no sign of physical disturbance. martyer, and this gives him much The malady is largely of the mind. Now, Pasteur has posed that inoculation with hydrophobia gives a dog In our great and nobul state, we Missourians hev at the hed uv our immunity from the disease, though he may be repeatedly bitten by rabid reckord. A karacter who, for loyalty beasts; and it is believed that the same effect would be produced on human without a parallel in the world. A statesman who was brot up at the feet beings. If that be so, it is clear that all of the positive emotions, especially uv the Hon. Wm. Anderson uv Centralia fame, and a life-long friend uv those which are apt to drive persons and student under the Hon. Jesse and crazy, can be guarded against. All Frank James, and whos history and we have to do, for example, is to obreckord is closely and intimately con- tain the virus of love from a maiden nected with all uv the great and nobul afflicted with it, inoculate a sentimenmen uv the state. With this nobul tally healthy man, and thus make him man at the hed uv the ticket we will forever proof against the affliction. Ainsley's visit to-America is to lay his march forward to victory, and so completely anniherlate all oppersition that idea before the British association at Montreal. - [New York Sun. the hiderheded monster republikenism

## A Mother Who Teaches Lying.

"Undertones" in San Francisco Chronicle, Ever since the first young woman I ever loved swore to me she loved me only and ran off with another fellow I have believed that the female sex does soldier and statesman. Glorious priv- not really understand the ruth. A young lady last night very cradidly informed me that she considered a lie a scripter, that ses the lion and lam shell lie down together, and a little kid shell very useful and artistic feature of life, lead them. But my opinion iz thet and that the truth was as devoid of when this happens the lam will be on beauty as a straight line, and yet she the inside uv the hon, and the kid will expects me to believe everthing she be on the other side uv a high stone says. I honestly think the woman was entirely to blame in the Garden of Eden business. I know a young boy who is being simply ruined in his eduthink we hev a walk over The fact cation by his mother. He is eight uv our hevin but one kandidate, and ez | years old, with all the noble instincts the republikens hev some dead weight of probity and obedience which generally characterize a boy's nature This tender parent has instructed him that whenever he gets on a car the appearance of the conductor to collect ontil demockracy. like a irresistible the fare reduces his age under five. priest.' syklone, ma sweep all before it and He has been educated to give that bring us once more that freedom we figure when asked by anybody who a priest for many years.' onct engoyed and now so mutch desire. wants to collect money for his trans-Then the great Amerikan Eagle, the portation. Last week a friend of the emblum uv our kentry, kin sail majes- family was displaying his interest in the tically over our wide domain and child by inquring his are. The little skreem with delite, without the fear uv | boy hesitated for a moment, and then bein shot at by thotless kullered citi- looked up at his mother: ' Mamma is ne a conductor?'

No, cnild.'

# Then I am eight years old. He Was a Cashier.

'Here you' howled a bank cashies, going into an editor's room, 'what do you mean' by putting my picture in ed out into green pasures we'ill bathe your newspaper ?"

'No harm at all sir" meekly responded the editor. 'We are merely publishing the portraits of men holding prominent positions in business or the professions, and put yours in with the work, and hopin thet there will not be others."

more lickers used this fall than iz ne-'Well sir I don't like it, and I am cessary fur the ockasion, I remain not going to have it.' yours, as ever, fur edikation and 'I am sorry that you do not like it

> we certainly meant all right,' 'Oh you did, did you? Well why did you do it? That picture of me, sir looks exactly like a thief.'

'Well ain't you a bank cashier?' Cats are said to have nine lives So stammered the editor, in an innocen have dogs; canine lives-- Boston Post.

The next Arctic expedition will be Somehow after that the bank cashier accompanied by a pair of Kilkenny hadn't anything to say and the editor's cats.—[Louisville Courier Journal. back bone stuck right up over the top A paragraph in one of the daily paof his collar .- Merchant Traveler. pers headed 'Nine Lives Lost,' would

# MANY NAMES, ONE MASTER.

BY THE REV. ISAAC O. RANKIN.

A little company was gathered at the seashore. They were, for the most part, strangers to each other. Through the fold of the Great Shepherd. Thereweek they had gone their several ways, fore, I am a pastor also. with only the casual greetings of chance acquaintanceship, or the ordinary talk of fellow-boarders at meal Wesley did, and honor him as one of H., which has fourteen cats and wants | times.

By some chance-or providence, let more. There is no accounting for tastes in music.- Burling Free Press. us say-many of them had gathered one Sunday afternoon in a sheltered To meet his love upon the grassy plat. The risen moon his lithe form just reycaing; "Tis not Adonis—'tis the Thomas cat. nook of the cliffs, the sun behind them, the sea rolling upon the sand far be-

The sense of common interest, the power of a common thought seemed to come over them. They drew nearer Young Theologue-Yes, we think together, and soon were talking in low not John write also, 'He hath made you might class 'gosh dum' and 'dad tones one to another of the Christ.

"On such a grassy slope as this," a gray haired man was saying, "He sat word. 'I'm swizzled' is another. All with his disciples while he gave them these words are the outgrowth of a ter- the law of his kingdom. So the blue sky hung above his nead, and so he and by my Lord's command, I baptize

'What would he say to us, if he were

to the hotel only the night before. He my friends who are asleep, to put off the pocket where I had seen him put manure.

A silence fell upon the company, and the screaming of the gulls.

One man, however, was uncomfortgo. Now he dug uneasily into the sod Jesus Christ according to his abun-

'Strange! Here we are from the ends unto a lively hope by the resurrection staggered down the aisle, and leaning of the earth-all church-members, I of Jesus Christ from the dead to an insuppose. I wonder how many denominations are represented here.'

Herose and took a notebook from his pocket. 'I move we take a vote.' It was like the interruption of a leasant dream. No one objected, however, and he stepped out from the group and addressed the stranger who had repeated the words of Christ, 'Will you tell me sir, what denomina-

tion you prefer?" 'I am a Disciple,' was the quiet answer. 'A follower of Alexander Campbell,

suppose? 'Not at all. I am a Christian.' 'Then you are certainly a-a Campbellite,' persisted the little man with

the note book, 'for they call themselves Christians.' 'You are mistaken, sir. I have never been connected with that de-

nomination. I am a Catholic.' By this time general interest was roused, and one young lady looked ip with pleasure in her eyes when the word 'Catholic' was pronounced.

'I shall put you down a Roman Catholic then Not so fast, if you please. I am a Churchman.'

One or two looked pleased at this; out the questioner began to be vexed. Do you mean to say that you are an Episcopalian?

'Yes, if you like, I am an Epicopalian. I am a bishop. But then I am a Methodist.'

'Amen.' The word came from a plainly dressed lady, who spoke quietly, but did not seem afraid of the sound of her own voice. 'Oh! it is Methodist Episcopal,' said

the little man, just the suspicion of a sneer mixing with his vexation. 'Not at all. I am a Presbyterian. was ordained an elder.'

'You will tell us next that you are a 'With great pleasure. I have been

ittle man. 'I am a Baptist ' 'Anything else?' 'Yes. I am a Friend.

'Is that all ?' thinker, and a member of the Church has since been known as Bryant's of the New Jerusalem. You may put | Glen. me down as all of these."

It was curious to watch the faces o the company as the dialogue went on. which the stranger answered it grew to a beautiful country residence. be a deeper thing than mere curiosi-

The little man was silenced at last He stood ready to write, but wrote

'I am sure that you are not laughing us, sir,' said the gray-haired man. 'Will you kindly tell us what is the meaning of your strange words?

'With pleasure,' answered the strang-There is no mystery about it. I called myself a Disciple, because I follow a Divine Master, Jesus Christ. I together in the General's tent.

am a Christian, because the world calls me so, after my Lord's name. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and I am called a member of

it by the will of God, and the sacrifice of Tesus Christ. 'I am a churchman by virtue of my membership in the church, and my

labor for its growth and purity. 'I was ordained a bishop, and it is my duty to oversee a part of the one

'I am a Methodist. because I reduce my work and worship to order, as the most favored of my fellow servants.

·I am a Presbyterian, as I told you, because I was ordained an elder and believe that the elders may bear rule, if the church so determines. 'I have been a priest ever since ! became a Disciple. Did not Peter

write to the strangers scattered abroad 'Ye are a royal priesthood'? and did us kings an unto God and his Fath-'You wonder that I should be a Baptism into the name of the father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost

others. 'I rejoice to be a friend. My Master was the friend of sinners, and I recognize, with many noble friends on earth, the moving of the Holy Ghost

in daily life and in the worship of the

'I am a spiritualist, but not a Spiritist. I hold intimate relations with the un-

Church.

me only though Jesus Christ and the Literary Life.

I am a free thinker, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free. said that he had been a curate in some able. He had not shared the common As often as I seek the truth-and I do

> heritance, incorruptible and undefiled. heaven for us. Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all.

'I am nearly as much in the dark as ever,' said the gray-haired man.
'My name is Andrew Dean, and I am

Salem," answered the stranger. As they climbed up the grassy slope. in answer to the invitation of the supper gong, the wife of the little man sighed, as she said to her friend: 'What can be the use of having so many names when there is but one Master? -Independent.

## Anecdotes of Authors.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A correspondent, writing from Cumnington, gives us the following interesting account of the early life of Bry-

The principal source of education in the poet's boyhood was the district school, but he was more favored than his contemporary school-fellows, in that he received additional instruction in the family circle. The intellectual atmosphere of his home had a great influence in the development of his poetic powers of mind. He thus indirectly alluded to the result of his home training in a poem:

For he is dead, who taught me in my youth The art of verse, and in the bud of life Offered me to the muses."

The district school house that he attended in Cummington, Nass., stood at the corner of a forest where three roads met, and about a mile distant from his home. While attending this school his first poem was written. He was thirteen years of age at the time. The poem was the valedictory address at the close of a winter term.

Another poem, written also about this time, was entitled The Embargo, the subject of which was the exciting political events of Thomas Tefferson's administration, It was afterwards published in the county paper.

'Are you anything else?' specred the His physical constitution, when a ed from Williams College, and while there, at the age of sixteen, wrote the immortal Thanatopsis. The secluded No. I am a Spiritualist, a Free spot where this poem was composed proceedings.

His beautiful poem, The Old Man's Counsel, was a conversation between himself, when a boy, and his aged It was like lighting of a dark church. grandtather who was a Puritan of the They were perplexed; and yet, now most genuine type. In the later years one, and now another, flashed out in of his life his heart turned again to the recognition as the familiar names were scenes of childhood. He repurchased spoken. The interest was general, the old homestead, that had passed and, in watching the sobriety with into other hands, and remodeled it into

DEATH OF A POEM. battle in which he was killed. The News. Pittsburgh Leader relates the romantic circumstances under which it was written. They were told by the late Col-

onei Realf to a gentleman. He spoke of the night before the battle at which General W. S. Lytle tell. The two (Realf and Lytle) lay

They were both given to writing poetry at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand, and they Lvtle-

"Realt, I shall never live to finish that poem." "Nonsense," said I, "you will live o write volumes of such stuff."

"A feeling has suddenly came over me," continued the General solemnly, which is more startling than a prophecy, that I shall be killed in tomorrow's fight.

"As I spoke to you, I saw the green

hills of the Ohio as if I stood among

them. They began to recede from me n a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me like the lightning's shock that I would never see them again." I rallied him for his superstition, but the belief had become strangely impressed upon his mind, and he suc-

ceeded in so far thrilling me with his own unnatural fear that I begged him to finish his poem before he slept, that such fine work-might not be lost to the In the small hours the General awak-

ened me from a slumber into which I had fallen, to read to me that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives, beginning-

"I am dying, Ezypt, dying; Ebbs the crimson life-blood fast."

My eyes filled with tears as he read. He said aot a word as he concluded, out placed the manuscript in his pocket and lay down to sleep.

Before dawn came the call to arms. known world about us. I have some When I next saw poor Lytle he was ty-five cents without calculating her treasure there. I received important cold in death among heaps of slain. own worth and that of a brood of last drop of vital breath from his pant- en. It was a stranger who had come messages. I expect to meet and know I thought of the poem, and searching chickens, besides a bushel of valuable

a powerful organ uv destruction, which Inoculation Against Love Sickness. sat apart. His arms were folded, and the natural body, and to put on the his eyes upon the sea.

## The Road to Reform.

"The tears of the redeemed thousands will water the flowers over his 'I am a member of the Church of grave, said Thomas Edward Murphy, question which implied that Christ the New Jerusalem. Here I have no the temperance lecturer, in his address

> "Yes betcher life they will," shouted dant mercy, hath begotten us again a thin, round shouldered man, who his elbows on the platform, seized the speaker's leg and shook it vigorously. and that fadeth not away, reserved in "Give us a rib'n pard," he continued, as he steadied himself and attempted to remove his hat, which set jauntily on the back of his head.

"Certainly, my dear friend," said pastor of the First Church of Christ in Mrs. Murphy, grasping his hand. "The Lord bless him !" shouted Mr. Francis Murphy, who sat near his son. The audience cheered. Murphy, father and son, seized the shaky man by the collar and pulled him onto the rostrum. With trembling hands he signed the pledge. A ribbon was tied in the button hole of his beer stained coat, and with a Murphy on each side of him he was wheeled out. One leg of his pants was stuck in the boottop; the buttons of his vest were in the wrong holes; his shirt front looked like a crash towel, and the bow of his necktie hung over his -shoulders. He cleared his throat.

"I'm er travelin' man," said he with an impressive jerk of his head. "I'm zer greates' travelin' man in zen worl'.' The audience laughed. The elder Murphy said "sh-" "I don't live in Chicager," he continued. "I gish cum 'ere. I've got enuf. Yer see zis hat (holding up a very dilapidated specimen?) Taint mine, Mine's sthole. Stohle while I wuz ersleep in er alley. Saloon-keeper on zer levee gim'e zis un. Don't drink-nun uv yer. Whisky stheals yer brains; stheals yer money; stheals ver frens; unerstah? Zer's nuthin in it. Yer sphen two huner dollersh on er bum, an' never git cent back. When yer broke yer go inter some sloon wher yer sphen ver two huner dollersh, an' ask fer er drink an' git kicked out-hic-unerstan? I'm sick. I'm sick uv whisky an' Chacager."

"Chicago is a good city." interrupt-

ed Mr. Murphy, reprovingly.
"Yer bet it ish" said the shaky man. "It's er good city ter git drunk in, an' don't yer fergit it."

Amid great applause from the audience the shaky man was led from the boy, gave no promise of the long and rostrum with the declaration on his part vigorous life he enjoyed. He graduat- and the hope from Murphy, that he would never drink again.

"A his old tricks," said a man near the door, who had been watching the "What do you mean ?" asked his

companion. "Why," continued the first speaker, that convert is old Jim the most notorious drunkard of Pittsburgh. He is a tramp printer, and at one time was quite a rapid compositor. He never fails to attend a temperance meeting when in his neighborhood. He always promises to reform; makes a speech, borrows a small sum from the men who have charge of the meeting and celebrates his reformation by going on a new spree with the money Doubtless many of our readers have thus received. He'll work all the temread General W. S. Lytle's fine poem erance gatherings in Chicago and have Cleopatra, written the night before the a prolonged drunk."-The Chicago

# Farmers Wake Up.

(Poultry Monthly.) It is a singular fact that so few of our American farmers are inclined to give thoroughbred poultry a share of their attention. The poultry and agricultural press are doing much to influence them to look more sharply to read and criticised each other's efforts their individual interests. Farmers as humorously for some time, when, said a rule are slow to heed timely suggestions, and slower to abandon old usages and methods in breeding, caring and managing domestic live stock. Among those who breed prime fowls. the farming class is theonly ones oppose them, because they have not given the subject that degree of attention which they have bestowed upon other branches of their vocation. True, they have advanced one step forward in poultry culture by the force of public opmion. The flocks now seen around the homesteads have lost most of their ancient characteristics. The dunghill, however, crops out among their Asiatic crosses, and their roosting places are not much improved, for they still retain many of those miserable fixtures, ridiculously called hen houses.

Farmers, generally speaking, are an industrious and hard working class. Most all have commenced farming and raising stock with very little cash capital. One, two and sometimes three years pass by without making much on some of their young stock. And if they do realize a snug sum at once from their cattle, horses, sheep or swine, just think of the time, labor and outlay and interest on their cash value, We know on a farm a bushel of grain will feed a hen a year, and we know it does not cost the farmer over fifty cents. Any of our modern improved breeds will lay ten dozen eggs during the year and these at twelve and a half cents per dozen giver a profit of seven-